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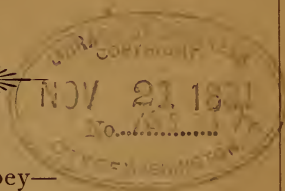
Curious Couplets;

SHOWING

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES AND CAPABILITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY

MAMIE LUKE.



PRAY that you His precepts may obey—
E'en Ingersoll himself will ever prey!

Should we against base lucre conscience weigh?

Why, sirs, a horse would promptly answer "Neigh!"

Trust not in doctors nor in "dry" champagne,
The first—ne'er mind, the "dry" is wet as ragne!

Square corners turn, to shuffle never deign,
But do not work up "corners" sharp in greign!

Do nothing that will bring you to the gaol—
Unless quite certain you can furnish baol!

By those of Chesterfield your manners gauge,
And smoke not riding in a Broadway stauge!

Should dire misfortune bring to you the ague,
You'll have an ailment that will sorely plague!

And you, while things look blue and quite opaque,
Will fearfully and wonderfully shaque!

If, now, your daily rations you should halve,
The question is, Would you be apt to stalve?

I love to "plow the deep" when all is calm,
Would rather else plow deep upon a falm !

One may, e'en though a victim of catarrh,
Be happy thinking he is not the Czarrh !

Would you grow fat and round, then laugh and laugh,
And moderately tippie "augh an' augh !"

Ne'er try to hush your children's happy laughter,
But let them laugh if splits an oaken raughter !

If, like a lamb, you're led to Wall street slaughter,
Stand up a man, of all things ne'er "take waughter !"

If sour the fruits of Fortune turn, keep heart,
Not all the pippins that she drops are teart !

Who sails upon the sea a stately barque,
Should fear nor land, nor deep blue-water, sharque !

But should his vessel have too great a draught,
He fears that he may ground the stately craught !

With gustatory joy we eat spring lamb,
With great dislike sit down to antique ramb !

To add unto the funds in your exchequer,
Do not become a ruthless school fund wrequer !

In other words, do not become a thief,
Far better live and die on tough bull bief !

A "model man" a mortal is unique,
And oft possessed of adamantine chique !

To Hades ne'er the shoe-black meek consign,
Nor seek at his expense to "cut a shign !"

Our characters should we keep pure and bright,
Or up we go much "higher than a kight !"

Kick not the ladder down by which you climb,
You sore may need it at some future timb !

'Tis well if we can feel remorse for guilt,
But useless quite to cry o'er milk that's spuilt !

O envy not the man who keeps a yacht,
Without a mine he'll soon be "gone to pacht!"

He thinks himself—the roaring demagogue—
A "shining light" illumining the fogue!

How pleasant 'tis to see the belles and beaux
Together "trip the light fantastic teaux!"

When you discover that your "cake is dough,"
Let not your "heart bow down with weight of wough!"

"Heat waves" on waves we have been swimming through,
And sanguine looked the "waves," the zephyrs blough!

Deride not one who may appear uncouth,
He may be wrestling with an aching touth!

If troubled with a pulmonary cough,
Do not, on rainy nights, fish from a whough!

Of death occasionally have a thought,
And compound interest do not extought!

When peaches you are picking, spare the bough—
But some will get the peaches anyhough!

A season this has been of blighting drought,
But Vennor and De Voe "went up the spought!"

Transgressors find the road exceeding rough,
And so, indeed, does he yclept a "mough!"

Things turn outright to gold that some men touch,
Which transformation really "beats the Douch!"

How sweet the love-lisp on a maiden's tongue,
What dreadful sighs whene'er a belle is wrongue!

Ne'er emulate the modesty of plumbers,
None may compete with them excepting "drumbers!"

Now, with faint praise these couplets do not damn,
Condemn them rather than approval shamn!



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